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A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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To H. B.

Lena, of all who called me friend in name,
And all who said they loved me more than life,
Who did compete for favor with sweet strife,
And watched me close thru long years without blame,
How few at last could judge me by my aim,
Or trust me when I cut with spirit knife
Those false ties which but gave me name of wife,
Yet which were making me exist—a lie!
But you, dear sister woman, saw beyond
Mere form and custom, and were unafraid,
Hearing the pathos of the human cry,
To stake your reputation as a maid,
And find society in tree and sky,
Denied by those you sought, like Christ, to aid.

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

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Government or No Government — Which?

III

"Some writers," says Thomas Paine, "have so confounded society with government as to leave little or no distinction between them; whereas they are not only different but have different origins: society is produced by our wants, and governments by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness positively by uniting our affections, and the latter negatively by restraining our vices. The one encourages intercourse and the other creates distinctions.

"Society in every state is a blessing; but government, even in its best estate is but a necessary evil: in its worst, an intolerable one; for when we suffer, or are exposed to the same miseries by a government, which we might expect in a country without a government, our calamity is heightened by reflecting that we furnish the means by which we suffer.

"Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence, the palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of Paradise."

Government? What is it, if not the abuse of power all thru history? What is it, if not hereditary absolutism in one country and republican lobbyism in another? When was there ever a State that has not upheld the strong and crushed the weak? All thru the ages it has served the master against the slave just as it has always been the most consistent enemy of progress, liberty and new ideas. It forever clings to what is, and shuns all change or reform. The history of government is one of war, bloodshed, and tyranny. It is a history of crime, fraud, and oppression perpetrated in a legal way.

Laws and institutions once established, remain firmly fixed; and conservative prejudices make it an easy matter for interested parties to retain the old and prevent the new. The conservative element always asserts its prerogative; and the conflict is between error, supported by prejudice, bigotry and interests on the one hand, and the light of advancing thought expressed in new ideas sought to be applied to the welfare of society on the other. Government never aims at justice; it only professes to administer law and preserve order.

Our judiciary system, established hundreds of years ago in the Roman empire, in the feudal ages, or in monarchical governments, attended with imposing ceremonies and fixed forms, is preserved in its material characteristics and is transmitted to us.

"Precedents," says Dr. E. J. Schellhaus, in "The New Rupblic,," "arising from decisions, the conditions which gave rise to them having ceased hundreds of years ago and in localities thousands of miles away, form the basis of judicial decisions today. That is to say, when a case arises that comes under no previous decision, they go back even as far as the heathen institutions for light, ignoring the judgment of modern thinkers and all the benefits of modern science and philosophy. New conditions, common sense, and the promptings of natural justice are alike ignored, and we have a fossilized system as arbitrary and unyielding as the bed of Procrustes."

Government, like religion, is a remnant of barbaric ages, when it was used to subdue the rebel, when might was right, and brutal force ruled supreme.

There will never be true civilization established until man will cease to use coercive force—organized or other—against his fellow man.

"But," you say, "there will be disorder and chaos; one man will kill the other, and the human race will surely perish by its own hand, if there will be no government to restrain our terrible passions and punish our beastly crimes."

Now, if human nature is really as bad as all that, the race would have perished long before this, in spite of all the most powerful governments could do to preserve it; and besides, can anyone conceive of a more horrible pandemonium than the one existing all over our civilized world today? Is it not a fact that the most discontented and hence the most disorderly and rebellious nations are the very ones which live under the severest discipline and the strongest of the States? It is a well known maxim that "punishment breeds crime"; what is true in physics seems, in this respect at least, to be true in social life as well,—the harder the blow the more forcible the rebound; for the centrifugal force cannot possibly stand in inverse ratio to the centripetal one.

Was it not when the Roman empire had reached the acme of power and glory, every social function being centralized in the hands of the most mighty oligarchy conceivable, that the Roman people became so desperate in their misery that they shattered the whole empire and disrupted the very foundations of that powerful government?

As long as there will be want there must needs follow crime in all its phases and aspects. Instead of abolishing the causes of crimes, we strike at the helpless criminal. Instead of restraining the "evil" passions, the governments only succeed in arousing them by inflicting cruel vengeance upon their victims, thus adding fuel to the fire.

From time immemorial the priests and rulers have been murdering their "beloved" peoples on the fields of battle, in the crusades for an imaginary grave of an imaginary God, in Spanish Inquisitions, etc., etc.

Recently the "civilized" States were shedding rivers full of blood in "uncivilized" China. Mighty England is exterminating the handful of the sturdy Boers, and our own country is teaching the poor Filipinos a lesson in republican independence by means of the bayonet and the cannon.

How then, can you expect the people to live otherwise than by waging relentless war upon one another, when their divine and earthly superiors subsist on nothing else but invasion and murder, eternal damnation and brimstone!

Two million people were slaughtered because of one Napoleon, who happened to have been struck with the bloody mania of subduing the whole world under his dominion. And this we call order! The wonder is not, how people could live without any government, but how the race does exist with government. Take the czar of Russia, the man who rules with an iron hand over a hundred and thirty million people. Is he the wisest and the noblest in all the Russias? Is he really the most ideal person to rule such a mighty empire? Is there a rational human being who could bear all the petty tyrannies of the gendarme and the brutal haughtines of the Russian official? Have not the people of that unhappy land a right, nay, a duty, to rebel against such a wretched despotism?

Go to Germany. Would you like to be

subjected to the whims and caprices of an imbecile, who claims to have received his holy scepter from the Almighty himself, and that therefore when he commands the sauerkraut soldier to shoot down his mother or his sister, it is God speaking thru him and has got to be obeyed? Would you want to take the consequences of the idiotic *lese-majesty* law? Or do you prefer Turkey, Italy, or Spain?

Well, no; you are a staunch republican and nothing short of a republic will satisfy your liberty loving heart.

"The practice of modern parliaments," says Carlyle, "with reporters sitting among them, and twenty seven millions, mostly fools, listening to them, fills me with amazement."

And Ruskin: "You will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past times inaudible."

MICHAEL COHN.

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Shall We Always Submit?

Our government of money grabbers, clergy, and landowners, is openly engaged in the work of destruction and abolition of all rights and liberties gained by our forefathers in popular revolts and struggles against exploiters and oppressors.

They are destroying even our imperfect and meager education, knowing that the enlightened and reasoning worker is not submissive enough to their yoke of moral and economic enslavement.

They have deprived the workers of the right of combination and practically killed the trade unions, because, they say, organized and united workers cannot be tolerated there where privileges and the right to extortion must be guaranteed to the nobility, clergy, and plutocracy.

They are starving the whole population of different localities (Grimsby, Penrhyn), forcing on the workers the will of the masters by brutal police and military assaults.

Encouraged by the popular apathy in their wholesale destruction of two small courageous republics, they began to treat the workers of England in the same way as they practice in South Africa.

Last week at Grimsby we saw the police rushing on the people and mercilessly batoning the heads of peaceful onlookers, women, and children.

But that is the old and natural way of the growth of despotism and oppression. The enemies of the people, and all such as George III, Lord North, Salisbury, and renegade Chamberlain, begin their policy by brutalizing public opinion in the name of national interest, and when the national conscience is sufficiently poisoned with sentiments of savage extermination abroad, they direct the same brutal hordes of mercenary soldiers against the people at home. But against the oppressors of former centuries always popular discontent, agitation, and revolt were roused. Quite different, however, is the spirit of our generation. Instead of resisting the brutal force of our oppressors, instead of opposing to those organized robbers a vigorous popular defence of our rights, of the fruits of our labor, of the future of our children, we are cowardly submissive and indifferent. When last April at St. Petersburg the Cossacks treated the people as the police did the crowd at Grimsby, at least some honest and courageous men appeared to give a warning to the all-powerful ministers of the czar.

But here! Who will have the courage to say to the second governing family, that of Salisbury, with his sons and nephews in power, to the third governing family of Chamberlain, that their policy of South African massacre, of suppression of schools, of abolition of the right of combination once conquered by revolutionary struggle—that all their policy of exploitation and oppression is a disgrace to the country, to our traditions, and that they deserve to be damned by history and posterity?

Barely a few will be found. Because our organized workers embodied by State Socialists, the Independent Labor Party, Democratic League, and others have been too long deluded by politicians into the belief that a parliamentary government is neither more or less than their elected servants, and that the people can always impose their will on their elected servants by ballot. That the days for using violent means in a revolutionary movement have passed, that at present peaceful propaganda is sufficient to obtain social reorganization, that the criminals who possess power, capital, the brute force of the army and the police, of a vile and mercenary press; that the whole powerful organization of injustice, this quintessence of social robbery and oppression, will submit before naive declamatory phrases and ballot.

Men like Chamberlain, Rhodes, Milner, and their equals, servants of the men in the street! Not only are they masters, but the most rapacious and rascally masters, who will not fail to treat us as they have treated the brave inhabitants of the Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Cape Colony. But the people of those States resist courageously whilst here no political, no Socialist party exists of stout enough hearts to offer opposition by the force of a popular revolt.

The people of the present time forget that if during the last fifteen or twenty years they have enjoyed some rights, some shadow of liberty of conscience, of free speech, of labor combination; that all this was obtained by incessant struggle. As soon as that spirit of revolt was lulled by reformers and State Socialists, men often quite honest, if artless, the policy of oppression began which of late years was inaugurated by the coalition of nobility, Church, and capitalist brewers.

This formidable coalition is only to be checked by the resistance of the people. Therefore we ask you, exploited workers, scorned, oppressed and condemned to ignorance, these vital questions:

Will you allow your children to grow up in misery and ignorance?

Are you disposed to live under the absolute power of your masters, without the right of combination?

Will you calmly submit to the oppression of your unscrupulous exploiters?

If not—rise and do what your forefathers did when they suppressed absolutism and slavery.—London *Freedom*.

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Excommunication Rejected.

Notwithstanding Wat Tyler, I am not inclined to recede from the position I have taken in considering Leon Czolgosz's act of political significance. If the acts of Caserio, Angiolillo, Luccheni, and Bresci can be said to have any political significance (and they certainly can), that of Czolgosz appears in the same light. The attempt to brush the latter aside on the grounds of alleged insanity, remains to be proven. Dr. Channing does not even positively assert him to be insane, but simply that his case "furnishes more grounds for diagnosis of insanity." This is certainly very weak evidence on which to declare a man a lunatic, in view of the fact that Dr. Channing failed to examine the most important witness—Czolgosz himself.

The reliability of the evidence on which this hypothesis rests may well be questioned. In a pamphlet on "Responsibility and the Czolgosz Case," by Dr. J. Sanderson Christison, based on "personal investigation," and announced to be the leader of the "theory that Czolgosz was insane," several questions of *fact* contradict Dr. Channing's results. On whom can we rely?

Besides these experts show a tendency to prove the world insane on no matter what ground. One of the reasons for Czolgosz's insanity is stated to be as follows:

> *Moral Chaos, e. g.*, He declared that he did not believe in government, nor in law, nor in marriage, nor in God.

This probably puts Wat Tyler in the direct way of being declared a lunatic. Certainly all Anarchists come under this head. "Wat Tyler" bears a rather suggestive pseudonym to be engaged in the attempt to excomunicate Leon Czolgosz. I reject it utterly and entirely. ABE ISAAK JR.

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Which Makes the Greater Savage, the Blanket or the Uniform?

Is civilization the result of a particular fashion in clothing, and style of wearing hair? It has been stated that the late order of the interior department, forbidding Indians to wear long hair, blankets, paint the face, have dances, feasts, etc., was made in the interest of civilization. The recent discussions in congress with regard to the savagery and atrocity charged against United States soldiers in the Philippines, did not, as far as I know, touch upon soldiers' apparel. Will any one imagine these soldiers were robed in blankets? Or that their deeds were any less revolting because the perpetrators were clad in the regulation murder garb of the nation? Until the United States government shall cease the manufacture of special brands of costumes for its professional destroyers of human life,—until it shall cease to engage in bloody, murderous warfare, this meddlesome and invasive interference with the national habits of dress, and social customs of another people, must be regarded by all persons of integrity as purely an affectation on the part of government. While endeavoring apparently to put the aboriginal people in duress for the

avowed purpose of civilizing them, this government is engaged in manufacturing savages thru military processes, by hundreds of thousands, and these of a most malignant and fiendish type. Ample testimony in support of this position is furnished by any war,—by *all* wars. I will cite only one instance, which occurred during the late Indian troubles, to illustrate this principle. It is given in a letter printed in the New York *Tribune*, 1878, and reproduced in 1880 in appendix to "A Century of Dishonor" by Mrs. H. H. Jackson. Extracts from this letter here follow:

In June, 1864, Governor Evans, of Colorado, sent out a circular to the Indians of the Plains, inviting all friendly Indians to come into the neighborhood of the forts, and be protected by the United States troops. Hostilities and depredations had been committed by some bands of Indians, and the government was about to make war upon them. . . . "Friendly Arapahoes and Cheyennes belonging on the Arkansas River will go to Major Colby, United States agent of Fort Lyon, who will give them provisions and show them a place of safety." In consequence of this proclamation of the governor, a band of Cheyennes, several hundred in number, came in and settled down near Fort Lyon. After a time they were requested to remove to Sand Creek, about forty miles from Fort Lyon, when they were still guaranteed "perfect safety" and the protection of government. Rations of food were issued to them from time to time. On November 27, Col. J. M. Chivington, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Denver, and colonel of the First Colorado Cavalry, led his regiment by a forced march to Fort Lyon, induced some of the United troops to join him, and fell upon this camp of friendly Indians at daybreak. The chief, White Antelope, always known as friendly to the whites, came running toward the soldiers, holding up his hands and crying, "Stop! stop!" in English. When he saw there was no mistake, that it was a deliberate attack, he folded his arms and waited till he was shot down. The United States flag was floating over the lodge of Black Kettle, the head chief of the tribe; below it was tied also a small white flag as an additional security—a precaution Black Kettle had been advised by U. S. States officers to take if he met troops on the plains. In Major Wincoop's testimony, given before the committee appointed by congress to investigate this massacre, is the following passage: "Women and children were killed and scalped, children at their mothers' breasts, and all the bodies mutilated in the most horrible manner. . . . The dead bodies of females profaned in such a manner that the recital is sickening. Col. Chivington all the time inciting his troops to their diabolical outrages." Another man testified to what he saw on November 30, three days after the battle, as follows: "I saw a man dismount from his horse and cut the ear from the body of a dead Indian, and the scalp from the head of another. . . . I saw several of the Third Regiment cut off fingers to get rings off them. I saw Major Layre scalp a dead Indian." . . . Robert Bent testifies: "I saw one squaw lying on the bank, whose leg had been broken. A soldier came up to her with a drawn sabre. She raised her arm to protect herself; he struck, breaking her arm. She rolled over and raised her other arm; he struck, breaking that, and then left her without killing her. I saw one squaw cut open, and an unborn child lying by her side." . . . When this Colorado regiment of demons returned to Denver they were greeted with an ovation. The Denver *News* said: "All acquitted themselves well. Colorado soldiers have again covered themselves with glory"; and at a theatrical performance given in the city, these scalps taken from Indians were held up and exhibited to the audience, which applauded rapturously. After listening, day after day, to such testimonies as these I have quoted, and others so much worse that I may not write and *The Tribune* could not print the words needful to tell them, the committee reported: "It is difficult to believe that beings in the form of men, and disgracing the uniform of United States soldiers and officers, could commit or countenance the commission of such acts of cruelty and barbarity." And of Col. Chivington: "He deliberately planned and executed a foul and dastardly massacre, which would have disgraced the veriest savage among those who were the victims of his cruelty."

Chicago, Ill. EMILY G. TAYLOR.

Anti-Military Movement.

It is but few years since when Jean Grave was sent to the penitentiary for writing the chapter "Militarism," in his book "Moribund Society and Anarchy." He advocated resistance to the brutalities, humiliations, and degradations of military life, which even the French republic could not let pass with impunity. But the world moves in spite of penitentiaries and gallows, and "governments become alarmed." In Switzerland the International Anti-War League has been formed, and threatens to undermine the glitterings of militarism in Europe.

Next to Leo Tolstoy it is undoubtedly the French writer Urbain Gohier who has been instrumental in awakening the European people to the dangers of militarism. After the appearance of his elaborate work, "The Army Against the People," for which book he was also imprisoned, he published a series of articles in *Aurore*, disclosing the atrocities and barbarities perpetrated by the "Christian nations" upon the heathens in China; and the immediate result of these articles is the International Anti-War League.

About five hundred people gathered in Geneva, Switzerland, from all parts of the world when the league was formed.

"We have come here, gentlemen," said the chairmann and initiator of the league in opening the meeting, "to protest against those most atrocious evils, war and the soldiery, and express our sympathy for those who have taken up the struggle against militarism. The question of universal peace has been before the civilized world for a long time; but it required a Tolstoy to give it a clear and definite form. In order that there be no war, there must be no military; in order that there be no military, people must refuse to be soldiers. And examples of such refusals are not rare now. In Russia several thousand men refused to serve the army. I am speaking of the so-called Dukhobors who were so outrageously persecuted by the Russian government and compelled to emigrate,—by the same government under whose auspices the farcial comedy was displayed at The Hague. In France the same movement has been started, and, in the name of this league, I wish to express our respect to our member and coworker, Urbain Gohier, who thru his articles in *Aurore* has awakened so much public interest in this vital problem. Already a broader question is ripening: a general military strike,—a general refusal to serve the army. The beginning has been made. At several Socialist and Freethought congresses it was resolved to go on strike in case of war. We invite all sympathizers to join us. Whoever you are, Socialists, no matter of what faction, liberals and conservatives, Anarchists and Christians,—all who will aid us in the struggle against militarism are welcome."

The gathering was an enthusiastic affair, and the chairman closed the meeting with the following cheers: "Long live freedom,—and the general military strike!"

The league publishes a paper, *La Voix du Peuple* (Voice of the People), devoted entirely to anti-militarism. INTERLOPER.

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Historians have in general more indulgence for splendid crimes than for the weaknesses of virtue.—Hallam.

Give Us Freedom.

In his article on "Lombroso and the Anarchists," Michael Cohn states that all Anarchists believe in expropriation. Here at least is one Anarchist who does not. Not that I am opposed to it as a principle, but because I believe it is not worth while.

The world at present is a gigantic poorhouse and will always remain so as long as capitalist production for profit exists, which depends on organized authority or government. Therefore all that is necessary is to abolish all government of man by man and thereby achieve liberty, equality of oppurtunity, which of course would strip all present exploiters of their privileges; and with all the wonderful resources of nature at our disposal, we would soon have all we want and more than we want of things material, and the result would be practical Communism without any expropriation whatever.

Your suggestions in "International Notes" that we start a "No Rent" campaign, similar to that carried on by the United Irish League in Ireland, meets with my hearty approval inasmuch as it would be taking a practical step to achieve the end we so much desire to reach. H. W. KOEHN.

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The Man on the Heights.

The human race is not formed like an army, standing shoulder to shoulder in regular order and solid column, and moving forward with rhythmical footsteps that beat as one. We all are struggling up the hill, impelled by the haunting unrest with which God has gifted the soul of man, and urged from behind by the fear of what we have left there. We are baited and driven on by unseen forces. Now and then some man with superior energy forges ahead and gains a height, never beyond calling distance, but still much loftier than that occupied by the multitude. Then this lone pilgrim, enchanted by the view which he obtains, calls back, and urges the multitude on, crying: "It is better up here! The air is purer, the scenery grander!" One would suppose that the multitude, hearing such a voice, would respond to it, rejoice in the message, and hurry forward with redoubled energy. But, somehow, that is not human nature. First of all the crowd begins to laugh. "Ha, ha!" they cry: "Look at the fool! He thinks that he sees more than we. Really he sees nothing at all. All he sees is in his mind's eye—the eye of a disordered mind. Ha, ha!" cries the multitude. But the man on the heights keeps on calling. Then the people begin to get angry. They curse him. They revile him. They declare he is trying to coax the whole human race over a precipice. They throw stones and mud at him. And in the end they probably drag him down from the height and kill him, and cast contempt upon his corpse. But later, one man will begin to say to another: "I wonder what he saw up there, anyway!" and they will climb to find out, and will discover that what the scout affirmed was true. And then more and more will climb, until this spot, explored by the man of courage and energy first of all, becomes the camping ground of humanity.—From "Common People," by Frank Oliver Hall.

FREE SOCIETY.

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

An Exponent of Anarchist Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Freedom; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

Published Weekly by..... A. *ISAAK*.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of orderwith the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individua liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1902.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

Current Comment.

It is a mistaken notion that the publishers of an Anarchist journal have any troubles of their own. On the contrary, they live in magnificent splendor, surrounded by voluptuous luxury; and for them life is a midsummer's dream. If the subscribers are in arrears, do not imagine that the publisher expects them to pay up. It would hurt his esthetic feelings to send him vulgar cash; what he wants is long articles for publication. I hope the readers of FREE SOCIETY will bear this in mind, and act accordingly. Comrade Isaak, the publisher, is a Monte Cristo in disguise; he publishes FREE SOCIETY merely as a means of spending his idle, useless cash. Subscribers are expected to get in arrears as soon as possible and stay that way as long as possible.

* * *

The abolition of the class struggle will only be possible when classes are eliminated. Political or State Socialism will not eliminate classes, because they propose to retain the State, under which there will be at least two classes—the workers and the State directors, the official bosses. Anarchist Communism alone will eliminate all classes, by making all men free, and enabling each worker to produce how, when, and as it pleases him, without official direction or bossism.

* * *

It is said that nine-tenths of the medical specialists die with the disease they make their speciality. Professor Lombroso, who makes criminology his speciality, sees in every human being the taint of crime, and even explains a man's social theories thru his philosophy of criminology; as, for example, the Anarchists. It may be that the professor, like the medical specialists, is a victim of his own hobby—that his study of crime has soaked his own mentality with the germs of the criminal malady.

* * *

Both optimism and pessimism lead to stagnation. The pessimist believes that everything is bad, and cannot be remedied, hence it is useless to strive for better conditions that are unattainable. The opitimist, on the contrary, thinks everything is perfect, hence he sees no incentive for a change. The revolutionist is both pessimistic and optimistic—pessimestic of the present, optimistic of the future.

* * *

The Nashville *American* is in convulsions because President Roosevelt has referred to the civil war as "a war against Anarchy in one form." The *American* is right. This attempt to cast further odium upon the grand name of Anarchy, by associating it with the slave-holder's rebellion, is unfair, and I am pleased that the plutocratic *American* has come to our defense, tho without intending it in that way.

* * *

Henry, the Prussian parasite, has come and gone, and left nothing to our gain, barring a faint odor of sauerkraut and the incense of the lickspittle adulation of the plutocratic snobbery, who "dearly love a lord." This princeling was lionized, petted, and "wined and dined" by president and plutocrat, and yet the span of human knowledge has not been widened one jot by anything he has said or suggested. His visit has benefitted no one, intellectually or otherwise. He is an intellectual incompetent, a mental mountebank. He was worshipped and flattered, not because, like Kropotkin, he knows something, but because he represents a title. It was not Henry that was worshipped, but his title—not the man was honored, but the prince. "Every dog has his day."

* * *

Nowadays, when we see as a newspaper heading the words "Pugilistic Affairs," or "Fistic Arena," we settle ourselves for a perusal of the latest legislative proceedings of the United States Senate. In course of time we may see in our daily papers such announcements as this: "Hon. So-and-so has gone into training, preparatory to his candidacy for the Senate. He expects to succeed Senator So-and-So, of such a State, of the middle-weight class. Or, "the Senate resumed its executive session under Marquis of Queensbury rules, with Senator So-and-so presiding as referee." Or, "In the debate on the anti-Anarchist bill, Senator Tillman and Beveridge came to close quarters in the second round, and the Senator from South Carolina got in a beautiful upper cut, but was sent to his corner with his left aptic in mourning from a solar plexus counter, delivered by his opponent with artistic effect," etc.

* * *

"Anarchy is of the devil," says the *Christian Advocate*. I believe you. According to the Bible, man's first knowledge was given him by this devil; and knowledge is the progenitor of Anarchy. If the Bible be true, the devil was in heaven, known as Lucifer, "the Angel of Light." He was the first champion of liberty, and was cast out of the kingdom of God because he agitated for a republic. Coming to earth, he asserted himself in the Garden of Eden as a defender of investigation and advocate of knowledge. He refuted the first lie of authority, that the fruit of the tree of knowledge was death. He insisted that man should know, that he should doubt until proven, and that man should know good from evil. God, who is sometimes flattered by the Christians, who call it worship, was the father of authority, of government. Therefore he was the foe of freedom, of knowledge, of investigation. And the first sword—the first bloody implement of war—was drawn by this god against man, that he might not partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and become a god, knowing good from evil. The devil was ever the friend of man—best one of the godly push, —and we gladly take *him* into the Anarchist fold.

* * *

How often have we been told that figures do not lie? And how often have we seen those same little Washingtons used to bulwark some of the most monstrous falsehoods of the age? Especially government statistics. I am sure of this: If figures cannot lie, no such limitation effects those who use them.

ROSS WINN.

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Observations.

It is reported that the Chicago local of the International Association of Machinists is going out on a strike next May. As I am a machinist myself, I would like to give the boys a piece of advice, that is to put all the machines out of order before leaving their workshop. It is very easy, and every machinist knows how.

* * *

The dailies of Chicago announced that upon the arrival of Prince Henry, the sailor boy, 1800 policemen were stationed from the Union Depot to his hotel, in order to keep the Anarchists from breaking thru the line of march. Why all this protection? Do they fear the Nemesis? If Henry the sailor boy is a good and useful individual, no one will care to hurt him. But the parasites were conscious of the fact that they were playing with the American people, and are fooling them every day, therefore this protection; but some day they will not be able to get enough scoundrels to do the dirty work.

ALFRED SCHNEIDER.

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The Experts and their "Facts."

In FREE SOCIETY of February 14, Wat Tyler comes forward with the information that "thru a scientific investigation conducted by Drs. Channing and Briggs of Massachussets, it has been *positively demonstrated* that the crime of Leon Czolgosz was the effect of insane delusions that had pursued him thru life and continued to the day of his death." I gather from Wat Tyler's article that the evidence which led to the "positive demonstration" was procured thru interviewing Czolgosz's family. From that evidence it appears that the rebel, who has been the victim of so many scientific (?) demonstrations, was fond of his own company, that he loved to read and think and sleep, that—like the average American citizen—he studied the Almanack.

It may not be out of place to remark that all the people I know do these things, myself including. Nearly all the people I know have faith that certain things forecasted in the Almanack "come true." They are practical people for the most part, and

their sanity unquestioned. Dr. Briggs further learned that Czolgosz prepared and ate his food apart from the family. These are the main points gathered by this latest scientific investigation, the summing up of which led Dr. Channing to declare "indicated a considerable degree of mental impairment, probably amounting to actual disease."

Now, it is a well known fact among radicals that there are comrades who are considered h[e]r their relations to be insane or depraved because of the strange views they hold, so at variance with popular tradition. The fact that Czolgosz's family practically deserted him in his extremity, that they were Catholics, while he had repudiated religion, shows that the ties of kinship as well as sympathy had long been broken between them. This, coupled with ignorance and fear for their personal welfare, make their testimony weak, and the weakness extends to the conclusions drawn by the learned gentlemen. Moreover, we learn by another scientific investigation thru material evidence gained in a post mortem, that mentally and physically Leon Czolgosz was in perfect health, if anything the brain being better than the average. It matters not that these experts added a postscript to the effect that the subject was "socially diseased,"—*physically and mentally*, they demonstrated by a careful examination that he was sane and healthy. I will call their decision Scientific Demonstration No. 1 Drs. Briggs and Channing, by holding a post mortem over a lot of gossip and second hand information in the shape of opinions gathered from "Tom, Dick, and Harry," give us Scientific Demonstration No. 2, viz: that "a considerable degree of mental impairment existed, "probably amounting to actual disease," and that Czolgosz's act was the culmination of insane delusions. When scientific experts thus differ and contradict each other's conclusions, it is well to be a little modest in regard to things being "positively demonstrated." The words a *typical regicide* convey about as much meaning as *does socially diseased*. It is enough to make one weep tears of wrath and pity, when we consider how so-called learned men, in the name of science, tax human credulity in the effort to prove a king-slayer either *insane* or a *natural fiend*. But who ever desired to hold a post mortem over the rulers who slay thousands in invasive wars to satisfy the lust of conquest and greed? The public executioner, who expresses so much pleasure over his neat method of killing a fellow being, and the harmonious details connected with the proceeding, never interests our savant. A great naval officer who speaks of a sea fight he took part in, where hundreds of poor men lost their lives, as "the most beautiful sight he ever saw," they silently ignore, and so long as they do, thus ignore licensed murderers, and express not the slightest interest in discovering *why* the ruling class *kill* and *take pleasure* in killing, I shall regard with contempt their scientific (?) researches that demonstrate, by their very onesidedness, what fools, knaves, and hypocrites these searchers are. Had Messrs. Spitzka, McDonald, Channing and Briggs, held a post mortem over the industrial condition of this country and the crimes of those in power instead of dissecting the remains of Leon Czolgosz and a lot of gossip, they might have demonstrated a few facts that would prove those conditions responsible for human explosions like that at Buffalo. As it happened they preferred to ignore social conditions and assume that Czolgosz was either insane or a fiend incarnate. In regard to those "Anarchists who tacitly accepted Czolgosz at his own estimate," being *mistaken* in such acceptance, I heartily concur with Comrade Tyler. A rebellious workingman who deliberately gives his life in exchange for that of a worthless hulk of a ruler has such a very modest estimate of his own value, that I for one would not dream of taking it. While I mourn for every noble life that has thus been given, I recognize and accept the act as the supreme protest of a brave and generous heart against "the curse of government." KATE AUSTIN.

Caplinger Mills, Mo.

—o—

The Charitable Man.

Once upon a time a man owned a herd of cattle, which were lean even to starvation, and their bones stuck out of their skins. He owned also a luxuriant pasture, from which his cattle were excluded by a strong high fence. But this owner, whatever might be said of his wits, was a kind hearted fellow, who occupied himself daily in pulling handfuls of grass from the pasture and shoving them thru the fence to the hungry animals outside. Nevertheless, the weaker cattle starved and died. One day a passer-by said to him:

"Friend, do you own these cattle?"

"I do."

"And do you own the pasture?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you let down the bars, so that the cattle can feed themselves?"

Said the owner: "I have as yet failed to see that letting down the bars would be a panacea for all the leanness these cattle are heir to. Instead of broaching far-away theories, do something practical; jump over the fence and help me to pull some grass and feed it to the calves."—From "Even as You and I," by Bolton Hall.

—o—

Be a Kicker.

Be a Kicker—don't be a Clam! The grandest institutions that we have today come thru the efforts of the kicker. Christianity is the result of a kick inaugurated by Christ as against the cult of bloodshed, cruelty, hypocrisy and hate. We owe the United States republic to the kickers of 1776, notably Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and others. The grandest man of the centuries, Abraham Lincoln, kicked against the institution of slavery, and the proclamation of emancipation echoed around the world. The chronic recalcitrant is the one who benefits his fellow man, not the conservative bigot who bows to existing authority as something sacred. Nothing is sacred that interferes with the rights of man, tho it be hedged round by the accepted conventions and customs of centuries. Kick religiously, politically, socially—but kick! You will be called a fool, a fanatic, an atheist, and maybap be branded with the awful stigma of "Anarchist," but it is an honor to be slurred and despised by some people. Kick the bottom out of anything that is hypocritical or mean; kick against the conditions that oppress your fellows. Don't indulge in personal kicks, but kick for the benefit of all. Subscribe for this journal, but don't kick against paying for it.

Be a kicker and you will make others unhappy, but it's lots of fun for yourself—after you are dead. Kick, and you will find others to kick with you; lay down, and there will be plenty to trample your frame. We reiterate—be a Kicker; don't be a Clam. —*The Vampire.*

—o—

Bigotry at Work.

While the Committee of Fifteen, which was appointed to deal with the social vices in New York, has come to the conclusion that nothing short of better conditions and a more rational education in sexual relationship will eliminate this social evil, Comstock and his tools continue to persecute those who try to shed light upon the subject. The last victim is Mrs. Ida Craddock, who has been arrested for "spreading indecent literature."

We are not familiar with the details of the case; the fact that Dr. Foote, the untiring champion of free press and free mails is appealing for funds to defend the case, will be sufficient for our readers to lend Mrs. Craddock a helping hand. All who are able to do so, can send their "substantial sympathy" for Mrs. Craddock and her defense to E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.

—o—

For New York.

To commemorate the Paris Commune, a mass meeting will be held on March 17, 8 p. m., at Apollo Hall, 126 Clinton St. The speakers are Comrades M. Cohn, Wm. MacQueen, Jay Fox, and C. Grossmann.

* * *

Sunday, March 23, 8 p. m., at New Irving Hall, 216-222 Broome St., a concert and ball will be given for the benefit of Bresci's family. Admission 25 cents. Friends and sympathizers are cordially invited.

—o—

The Letter-Box

Celia B. Whitehead, Denver, Colo.—The crafty at present exploit their fellows thru the medium of the government; by removing this, and also the fear of want, (abundance is a necessary condition to a free society,) the "strong man" specter vanishes. How could men cooperate unless they are educated up to it? Certainly economic education is also necessary. Private property (monopoly) rests on the protection afforded by government, therefore it could not exist without government. All natural resources should be as free as water and air; monopoly in these is recognized as pernicious. Why not all monopoly?

D. A. R., Columbus.—It is hardly possible to discuss Comrade Morton's proposition. We have challenged Senator Hoar's bluff; and it remains for them to act. Few Anarchists are so wedded to "Rooseland" (as appropriately labeled by the *Appeal to Reason*) but what they would gladly embrace an opportunity to go to the island.

E. G., New York City.—The price of old volumes of FREE SOCIETY is $1.50 bound in cloth, and $1 paper, postage paid.

H. W. Kochn.—Your short and pointed articles are very appropriate, and we hope you will continue them. However the last one is a little out of date now, hence its failure to appear.

THE BLACK CAPS.

. . . It was day. The dawn brightened in the Spiritual East with a breathless, intense growing light. Two purple wings of clouds hung over a large sphere which was revolving in dusky space, and seven amber feathers of the morn brushed the dust of darkness from its surface ere the sun shone obliquely upon it.

"What is that planet below us?" I cried wonderingly to my strange associate.

"The Old Theater," he answered, smiling slightly at me; "it is the Earth."

"But we are upon it, are we not?" I questioned wildly; "am I bereft of my senses?"

"You are but just sane," he said, gently taking my hand; "concentrate therefore on what will pass upon the Stage beneath, for it concerns the world to have a true report of its own performance as seen from the air circle."

Strength filled me, and I took the golden quill he gave me and dipped it in an ancient tear bottle which he held for my use.

"This ink will be invisible," he said, "to those who may not read what you shall write upon this linen scroll, but the least heat of sympathy shall render its characters visible to a few, at any rate, who have experienced grief."

"I see one side only of the ball, Europe, Asia, sable Africa, set in opal oceans."

"Upon the other half the play is the same," he said, "but by a different troupe and less vindictively and realistically performed."

Below us a seething multitude of many nationalities thronged into a Hall of Justice, the vast proportions of which were in keeping with the occasion. The sun was high before the last man and woman had entered and the door was shut.

"How many are there?" I inquired.

"Almost all the populations of the Isles and Continents," my friend answered; "there are comparatively few in the prisons, tho really a considerable number."

"Why do they all wear black caps?" I asked again, for I had observed the fact as an eccentric one.

"They are all judges," he answered gravely, "self-appointed, full of a temporary and temporal power, and they wear that symbolic headgear, for they sit to condemn the minority who have offended them, to Death, and Death in Life."

The Roof of the Hall of Justice was lifted, and I saw the Christ, thorn-crowned, led by his captors into its precincts."

"Who is the accused?" asked the crowd.

"A blasphemous Jew."

"His crime?"

"Anarchy. He seeks to subvert the social order by teaching the divinity and equality of men. He defies authority."

"Crucify him! Crucify him! Away with him!" cried the multitude, and he went forth calmly with willing feet to his death.

Very different was another criminal dragged from the dungeons into the light. A young Prostitute outworn with unpleasurable work, covered with syphilitic sores, cursing and protesting, buffetted by one and another into silence at last.

For her not Death, but Death in Life. To live away from her fellows. To have no chance of human love because she had once lusted. To be obliged to starve, enter a dismal penitentiary, or remain in her hellish trade, which would shortly kill her of exhaustion.

The women said coldly: "Cast her forth ostracized."

She lay upon the floor, tenaciously twining about the base of a fluted column with her body."

"How many of you I see in black caps were in these arms a month ago!" she screamed. "Oh, my masters, are you better than I? You had bread and I had none. Let me bide and wear a cap too. I am afraid, afraid I tell you, to be thrust out thus. Anyone will feel he can murder me, and no one will care, since you say I have no rights."

But they quickly expelled her.

"Can it be true about those who are judging her," I asked, disgusted at the spetacle before us.

"Look at them closely," replied my companion. And I saw that the men and women, almost without exception, were bearing pronounced or disguised marks of venereal taint in scrofulous scars or pimples and other weaknesses and impurities of the blood, and that the young men were listless and rotten.

"It is true. How long shall these things be?"

"As long as love is denied or fettered, Lust will obtain entrance into the Soul. The divine eternal morality and order of natural law, with its inevitable penalties and necessary consequences to transgressors, is not taught, but is supplanted by man's passing custom, by his written dogmas with their attached unjust punishments to breakers of human rules and regulations. While this is is so, Prostitution will go on and disease will spread thru all the race, being born and reborn in their children's bones. But you miss the play—See—."

An errand boy stood before the People. Another crime of hunger. He had stolen from his employer's till some money which he had expended on food for his sick mother.

An offense against property to be avenged. An example had to be made of him. The lad was to be hidden in a reformatory, closely associated with other criminals and forbiddingly self-righteous guardians, for five years, and coming forth branded for life as a felon, was to meet with the denial of his fellows. I looked below the little lad's red lids as he turned his face to the sky, and I saw that he was full of rebellion and despair. He passed. Once more a woman stood in his place. A Russian Nihilist. Sophia Perovskaya of the Aristocracy. She had a sweet and noble air, full of high courage, and faced her accusers with unwavering faithful eyes.

Terrorist she. What deviltries committed upon the hapless and innocent, under the name of Justice, had made her renounce her path of cultured ease and pleasure for one of toil and danger, with a cruel and infamous death athwart it, that she might aid the oppressed? She had conspired, this girl, against a bestial tyranny which made even the tyrannical shudder. She had sought in the absence of settled and equitable laws to exterminate the murderer of many and inspire the cowed people to dream of Liberty. Would not she thus bring the crimes of a czar before other nations and give privilege an object lesson?

A young man with a worn hunted expression, wearing a red cap, stood unobserved by the crowd listening to the consummation of the tragedy. His white nervous hands were clenched, and he muttered between his teeth:

"Pity her not, O women in black caps. To death with the Revolutionary. You are neither in danger from pestilential goals, nor have your sons been marched along the corpse-strewn road to Siberia."

I saw the rosy face of the girl as she went down unfalteringly to her doom in the death-cart.

The youth in the red cap saw her also, and his great love did not shrink from the self-imposed task of being present with her in her death-hour.

When the horrid scene was over, he cried aloud: "She is not dead. You have no power to kill her, or the movement towards democracy, O women in the black caps."

But a friend standing near him clapped his hand over the youth's mouth and whispered in his ear:

"O sir fool, what good will you do by speaking here and openly. They will only twist your goose's neck for you and stop your eloquence forever. Menace them not. Save your power for the secret cause, and if you are anxious to die you will have many opportunities."

And I paused from writing and looked away to the Sun.

"Are such things done in full daylight? Surely these are rather deeds of darkest night." And I wept. "It is so frightful, there are so many, each one a type with thousands of species, all judged by these accursed judges."

And he who held the fluid with which I was writing placed the vessel beneath my dropping eyes and caught the tears.

"Write," said he kindly, "write on, for only thus canst thou relieve thy grief's burden. Tell the world of its Acts. There is but little time before thou art thyself to face yonder crowd."

I looked once more below.

A poor servant girl of eighteen years, pale and weak with down cast head and shamed aspect, seemed to excite more wrath and hatred than any other criminal. She had in the springtime of her life a passion which leapt fiercely and unacknowldged in her veins. She thought that it was Love. How could she guard the gates of her body when she not only was ignorant of their existence, but was unsuspicious of foes? The sweet thrilling kiss upon the lips, a firm hand upon the breast,—these have no meaning to a child. A groom in her master's employ had wooed her with cunning lies, which had been received as truths by the simple country lass. A pregnancy followed, concealed from natural fear of the harsh scoldings and the unspmpathetic horror of those about her. Then an infant born in the fields with no one to nurse the agonized and half-crazed mother. It was the old story. The men yawned or winked at each other lasciviously as they listened.

"What came next?"

The prisoner was speaking in a faint voice. "I can't remember exactly—I think I laid it on some withered leaves down a ditch in a soft place and left it, for nobody wouldn't

want it, poor little thing, and what was I to do? After a bit I crawled back to it, but it was cold and dead."

The women were very eager in this case, but they were divided into two factions, one of which would have incarcerated the girl for life, but the other, the majority, decided that she should be hanged. The criminal was taken out, dazed and silent. But the mute misery of her being vibrated the air about me as she passed dumb, with no one to stand by her and comfort her, but a champion who took a salary for his pity and his prayers from those who slew her in the prison-yard.

More, more, more, I cannot write them all here. I saw public opinion oppose and try to squash every effort at progress in turn; Communists shot upon the steps of the Pantheon, Socialists put to the sword, Royalists slaughtered upon the field. It was a war of extermination.

A young lady of the middle class, with a jaunty, coquettish hat upon her head, was in the dock.

"The crime?"

"Smoking cigarettes."

I laughed aloud, but the women judges gravely sentenced her to social ostracism (death in life).

Then I cried angrily: "Do they condemn for such trivial offenses? Is there no appeal?"

And my companion said: "There is no appeal, and there is nothing you can do which is not an offense to some section of the black caps. But wait."

The last of the types against social law and order had been brought to the Court. An old man, white-haired, was struggling in the arms of his captors and sobbing, "Let me alone, I shall soon trouble you no more. I want my Liberty. If you take me, it will kill me."

"His crime?"

"Omitting to save for old age."

Condemned to the workhouse, Death in Life.

"Has he worked?"

"All his days."

"Could he not provide for himself?"

The proceeds of his labor were filched from him as profits by rich men who had employed him. He had only enough wages to obtain necessaries of life for himself and his family. He has dreaded "the Union" all his days.

"Will he soon die?"

"In three days, of a broken heart."

And this is the end.

A woman in the crowd was going about speaking to one and another of the old man. "Could we not support him for a time in his room as he wished?"

"He ought to go to the Poorhouse. It is the place provided for such as he out of the rates," said a fashionably dressed girl. "He has been foolish and improvident. If we begin supporting such people, we shall soon have more than enough to do."

The others shook their heads.

"We cannot interfere."

"The law must take its course."

"I had thought," I said to the silent man at my elbow, "that the individuals would have been few in number who would not have felt, with a humane and creditable shudder, glad that they had not the weighty task of condemning a man to death."

"It is not so," he replied. "Look again."

"Is it not over?" I asked.

"It is never over."

"But there are no more in the jails who differ from them?"

"They are condemning each other."

And I saw that the black caps were accusing their own acquaintance and kind, and that few remained in the Hall of Justice. Then I said: "These are old civilizations, the veins of which are choked with morbid matter, the accumulations of centuries. The other side of the sphere is younger, better. The watchword of America is Liberty. Let me see what is passing there. One glance, I pray you, I ask no more."

And the Globe revolved.

Some Chicago men were being tried with the semblance of a trial, and I noticed that they wore, not black, but red, caps. They were charged with killing with a bomb the police who attacked them at their legitimate meeting. A jury was called, and I was surprised to see that, out of one thousand black caps summoned, only ten were of the same class as the accused. Anarchy endangered the interests of the monopolists who were determined to bruise its head in Chicago at once and forever. Speeches were made, which appealed to passion, not to reason, by the accusers.

It was a foregone conclusion that five men were condemned to death, three others to death in life, for holding and propagating beliefs which, if generally accepted, would prevent greed from usurping the people's rights.

Men of opposite opinions and tendencies from the prisoners watched the scene from Europe with close attention, and pronounced their conviction that the accused were innocent of the act, and that, in their eyes, it had not been justly proven.

Sick at heart, I followed these martyrs to the end, all minor criticisms overwhelmed in one cry against the evil murder and the mock trial.

"Will they indeed muffle forever the voices of those who utter for the exploited mass? Can they exterminate an idea?"

And he who was by my side answered: "They cannot. Look at the sight a little longer."

And I saw that the blood of the dying men splashed those around them with crimson stains, and that both men and women conceived a new idea and grew big with Anarchy. These did no longer bow the knee as theretofore in the Temple of Man's Law, but walked erect, every one controlled alone by Love within himself, free and unfettered by his fellows.

And he who bade me report these things said: "Each martyr is as the pollen dust of a tree. Those who rudely cut it down when the golden flower is ripe do not destroy the tree, but further its life, for the energizing dust flies far and wide as it falls, and straightway a forest springs to birth."

And, behold, I saw a red stain upon my own breast, and was glad that I too had received from the Christs of Chicago.

Once more the Earth rolled heavily around. From the Hall of Justice, on a sudden, they called me by my name.

And I answered boldly from where I stood: "Here I am, David Tuttle, at your service, for I have done no act which I cannot defend as an abstract principle. I am not a judge, moreover, but judged I will not be. What is the nature of your charge against me?"

"You have been false to Society. You report some things which have been settled by bye-gone ages and other things which must not be discussed. You will harm the morals of the ignorant."

Then I answered them gladly, and was unafraid, saying: "Who are you who would stop freedom of speech and of the press, and who would deny to the accused the best pleading? Who are you who elect to be final judges of what is not good, and who cater for others' souls? By my tears they shall hear and read and choose for themselves between Authority and Liberty. O, monopolists of all wisdom and power, can you not see that good is invariably alloyed with evil, that evil is disproportion, and that no one is perfectly virtuous and no one is utterly vicious?"

But I noticed that they were mostly blind who wore black caps.

"At any rate you shall listen to truth," I said, "even if you cannot see it."

"But he by me said: "They are deaf to Truth also. The wool of Prejudice is in their ears. They are fearful that its call might crack their drums. Besides, they are impure at heart. Only the pure in heart see God."

And I asked him: "What is purity?"

And he said: "To have a perfect will to follow the highest path open to the Soul."

And I asked him again: "What is God?"

He spread his strong, sinewy pinions exultingly, as he answered: "Love and Intelligence, or Heat and Light, or Female and Male, a dual principle forever working rythmically in the Universe."

And the golden quill in my hand was transformed into a bronze trumpet, and I blew thru it three strong blasts which shook the Hall, "Awake, Awake, Awake, O Dreamers! Take off your black caps. O People! The day is here. And Love and Light and Liberty."

. . . . .

It is one of those tiresome dream stories, says the reader, the author will presently tell how he awoke.

Nay now, if a dream, still a dream, and I yet write from a tear jar, with one at my side, of things as seen from the air circle.—MIRIAM DANIEL.

—o—

Attention!

The Conspiracy Against Free Speech and Free Press is the title of a new booklet by Comrade Geo. Pyburn, M. D. The author reviews the events of the last few months with much vigor and clearness, scorching the preachers of the gospel, and the omnipresent newspaper reporters, and discusses at length the tendency of legislation to suppress free speech and free press, from a constitutional and libertarian standpoint. In short, it is an excellent pamphlet for distribution among all classes of people, and it is to be hoped that the comrades everywhere will bring it into circulation.

The booklet contains 32 pages and is published in neat type, with transparent cover, and can be put in any envelope. With a light envelope five copies can be sent for one cent postage. The price is 5 cents per copy or 2½ cents if 100 or more copies be ordered. Order from FREE SOCIETY.

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